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The EXAMINER.

From Friday October 30, to Monday November 2, 1713.

Quid? Isti te ignorabant, postquam eis mores ostendi tuos,
Et collaudavi secundum facta & virtutes tuas? Terence.

AMONG other Imputations, with which the *Examiner* is loaded by his very good Friends, they lay it to his Charge, That he has been the Ruin both of Mr. *Steele* and the *Englishman*. On which account they would expose me to the Resentment of the Town; and Mr. *Smith*, in a *Letter* now before me, complains, That *he* has too his share of Reproaches, for having too deep a Hand in that Affair. A Cousin of his, who is, it seems, a *Master-Workman*, and employ'd at this very time in the Demolishing of *Dunkirk*, has written to him, with great Freedom upon that Subject. This Correspondent of the *Corn-cutter*'s takes notice, that there are many more able Artificers, well skill'd in the Business of Pulling down, Undermining, and Blowing up, among the *Whigs*, than among the *Tories*; but that they have display'd their Talent lately, after a very unlucky manner: For it so happen'd, that the Orders for a *Demolition* bore Date some time before they utter'd their Clamours on that Head; whereby it came to pass, that they were unhappily *Bit*, and once in their Lives betray'd into a Suspicion of Writing for the *Ministry*, a Crime that their Party would not so easily forgive, did they not firmly believe, that, like very good Boys, they would be sure to do so no more. However, this Politick *Mechanick* observes, that great Numbers, both of the *French* and *Dutch*, are very well pleased with some new Maxims of the *Whigs*, naturally arising from their present Management: Among which this is One, that they are resolv'd to oppose every Prince upon the *British* Throne, who shall attempt to keep Possession of any thing upon the *Continent*. But how long this Principle is to remain in Fashion, none of their *Allies* can tell: For the Time may come, when perhaps the Jealousie of the *Dutch* shall push as heartily for the Demolishing of a whole *Electorate*, as now it does for the laying a single *Fortress* in Ruins. Mr. *Smith* has made several Remarks upon this *Letter*, which are diverting enough; but he thinks the other Charge, of his having a Hand in the spoiling of Mr. *Steele* and the *Englishman*, to be a Matter too important to be trifled with. He therefore assumes a very serious Air, and positively declares, that both *He* and the *Upholsterer* have written several *Letters* to him, in which they generously advise him, to Return once more to the *Cellar*, to keep his *Lyon* tame, and write wholly for the Use of the *Tea-Table*: They acquainted him with many little Incidents and Corruptions in *Low Life*, which he has not yet touch'd upon; but instead of a favourable *Answer*, he has rejected all their Hints for *Mirth* and *Waggery*, and transcribed from Scraps of their Politicks, with a Design to put them off for his own: So that, for the future, they dare not converse with him in their own way, for fear of rendring his Disease still more Desperate and Incurable. There is a Circumstance, which has very much discouraged them in their hopes of reclaiming him. The Story of *Nestor Ironside* is all a Fable: The World knew very well, That honest Old Fellow was no *Conjurer*: He never laid his Hand upon the *Englishman*'s Head, nor cry'd *Pass*; but it was Lord *Verres* who clap'd him on the Shoulder, and hugg'd him so very close, that he squeez'd all the remainder of Wit out of him, and then said, *Be a Whig, a Whig-writer, an Advocate for the Whigs.* Whereupon he rubb'd his Forehead, gave him such a Salute, as the *Greeks* call Κελαγλάτισμα, whereby he infused into him a very powerful Blast of his own Spirit; then with one Hand reach'd out to him a *Commission* from the *Junta*, and with the other held up a *Perspective*, which, through the wrong end, shew'd him, at a great distance, a Pile of Ruins, and Heaps of *Truncheons*, *White-Staves*, *Maces*, and *Patents*, thrown together in Disorder, and ready to be pick'd up by the first Comer. Hence was this mighty Transformation brought about: For, if *Verres* excels in any thing, it is in the Art of Debauching others, and reducing them to his own Level, both in Principle and Practice. He finds out another's *Blind Side* presently; no Man has a more quick Discernment of the *Foibles* and Infirmities of those about him. There is no Character so smooth and compact, but he can find a Handle to it, and thereby work the Person to his Service. A good towardly Vice, or the hopeful Seeds of Iniquity in any *Genius*, are an early Qualification for his Favour. He adopts the *Atheist*, the *Libertine*, the *Heretick*, the *Dissenter*, and the *Rake*, for his own; robs the Devil of his Votaries, turns all Impiety to the Service of Party, and by stamping *Whig* upon these Characters, sanctifies each Sinner, and makes him the glorious Instrument of successful *Evil*, that is of *Good*, to the *Faction*. He made his first Essays this way, and began the Exercise of his Talent, in indifferent Matters. By his artful Management *Camilla* was persuaded to believe her self transform'd into a *Real Princess* or *Sultana*. Mr. *Squash* was well nigh ruin'd the same way; and long deliberated with himself, whether he should not put in his Claim to be *Under-Secretary*. Hence he proceeded to greater Atchievements: He put the *Scotch Boot* upon a *First Minister*, for High Treason to the Party; and so pinch'd him upon the *Uniting* and Coming together of both Sides of the *Cleft Stick*, that before he would let him loose again, he made his Fear give up his Principles: After which *Verres* stuck the *White Wand* in his Hand, as a constant Mark of *Penance* and *Recantation*. The *Hero* of *Europe*, whose Courage and Conduct surmounted all other Difficulties, fell a Sacrifice to the Artifices of *Verres*: He made, him of a *Victorious General*, a Cowardly Deserter: Took his Lawrels from his Head, and cramm'd them into his Pocket: Caugh thim by one of his strongest Appetites, before he could work upon him by *Circean* Magick; and with a Turn of Wit, equal to *Virgil*'s, metamorphos'd even *Cæsar* into an ordinary *Baker*. *Ireland* affords many fatal Instances of his successful Cunning and Industry. The natural Simplicity and unthinking Credulity of that People, gave him vast Opportunities of enlarging the Number of his *Cullies*. He is said to have raised a whole Regiment of *Whigs* there, upon pretence of Listing no Man under the Degree of a *Captain*: And no wonder Mr. *Steele* was seduced by him out of his Element, and led astray with the specious Names of *Senator* and *Politician*, when, as Mr. *Smith* assures me, even he once could not forbear Listening to him with some Attention, whilst he was performing an Operation upon his *Toes*, and had almost been prevail'd upon by him, to set up his *Coach* and practise *Physick*.

For my own Part, since Matters are run to such a Head, and this Gentleman appears to be under the most fatal unsurmountable Delusion, I shall not pretend to meddle with a Charm, whose Date I am by no means acquainted with; much less will I oppose my self as an

an equal Match to that Sage *Merlin*, that Prodigy of an *Enchanter*, who holds this poor Creature under closer Durance, than he was ever yet used to. I would therefore advise Mr. *South* and the *Upholsterer* to give him over; at least to defer their Charitable Applications till after the *Fall of the Leaf*. If their Patient will be a *Politician*, in spite of Nature and Grace, there is no Remedy but to humour the Frenzy: He, who never *was in Company with Five hundred Wise Men*, may possibly find *Five* or *Six*, a *Junta* of another sort of People, fit to keep him in Countenance. We ought, in the mean time, to thank the Fates in behalf of the *Tories*, that the Moment he became a *Politician*, he was so Lucky as to declare himself a *Whig*. Such *Politicks*, and such a *Cause*, agree very well together. When he stood *Neuter*, no Body courted him; and now he has publickly professed himself to be of one side, those Writers who were the greatest Scandal to it, are the only Persons who signalize their Joy on this Occasion. But as it is best for us, that he is not a *Tory*, so it is no less for his own Advantage that he is a *Whig*: For after all, no Body knows upon what cheap Terms, and with what slight Materials, a Creature of that kind may be made into a *Politician*. A few Atoms, and no Order, are sufficient to furnish out a World, that shall answer all their Ends, and fill up the Measure of their Ambition: And as for their *Intellectual System*, it subsists upon much the same Principles with the *Epicurean*, a *Lucky Hit* and a *Violent Motion*. Give me good store of *Absurdities*, dress'd up in tolerable Language and with a seeming Coherence, some few glittering *Trifles* and *Amusements*, a Sett of *Falshoods* well-laid over with a superficial Resemblance of Truth, a good Collection of *vain Terrors* and *Allurements*, with abundance of little *Quibbles*, *Shifts*, and *Equivocations*; and out of this strange Medley and heap of Parcels, will I form a Body of *Logick*, fit to support the *Whigs* in all their Projects, both *Civil* and *Ecclesiastical*, against the strongest Pressures of sound *Reason*, or the clearest Demonstrations of *Law* and *Divinity*. With these Elements will I Compound and Piece together a *Whig-Politician*, of the first Size, who shall fortify himself, within the Circle of his own Arguments, against all Opposition whatsoever; or by skipping over the slavish Boundaries of Reason and Truth, pass by a grovling Adversary, who sticks close to his Rules and Maxims, and quite lose him in the immeasurable space of *Atoms* and *Emptiness*. For all *Whig-Reasons* are either mince'd so very small, as to be incapable of another *Division*, which is one way of trying their Validity; or dispers'd in such a loose manner, that it is impossible to trace and collect them together, whereby a Judgment may be formed of their Uniformity and Coherence.

But of all the little Tricks and Contrivances, which enter as Ingredients into the Composition of a *Whig-Politician*, nothing surpasses the noble Art of *Cross-Purposes*; in which Mr. *Steele* begins to shine already, like a very early and towardly Proficient. A Master of *Cross-Purposes* must never answer a Question directly, nor suffer his Antagonist to dictate to him. It is a sort of *Book-Slavery* to Reason closely, and stick to a Point without Variation. *Shamming* and *Bantering*, a very modish sort of *Logick*, took its rise from an Improvement of this Art: And how well Mr. *Steele* is like to distinguish himself in this part of *Whig-Policy*, may appear by a late Instance, that shews him to great Advantage. He has written a *whole Paper* upon *Impudence*, and therein traces that agreeable Virtue thro' the several Parts of *Love*, *Honour*, *Preferment*, and good Conduct in *Publick Assemblies*; I shall not examine his Notion of *True Impudence*, that it consists *in acting against the Dictates and Convictions of the Mind*: When a Man runs off several Threads from the same Bottom, and spins them too finely, upon the least Intanglement, it is natural to mistake one Idea for another. But when he comes to talk of *Senatorial Behaviour*, he has this remarkable Expression, said to be Translated from *Xenophon*: From *the Time when* Charicles *was thrown out of the* Senate, *in a shameful manner, for no other reason, but that his great Eloquence was dangerous to the Majority, I dated the Ruin of publick Justice and Honour*. Every Body sees, that this Reflection glances at the *Last Parliament*, for their Treatment of Mr. *W——'e*, and is indeed no more than what has been advanced before, by Writers of a *Lower Rank*, who, because they were not thought worthy an Answer, may fancy they have convinced the World, and among the rest, their *Eccho* Mr. *Steele*, that this formidable Member was really expell'd the *Senate* for his *Eloquence*, and because he was, on that account, *Dangerous to the Majority*. How Mr. *Steele* came to think of this Gentleman in a Discourse upon *Impudence*, or what Connexion there is between those Ideas, is none of my present Business to enquire: Only I cannot but take notice of his great Talent in *Cross-Purposes*. Were I to prove that *Orator* a Match for *Cicero*, I should hardly instance in a *Speech* of his, made to a *Borough* in *Norfolk*, and now handed about Town by his Party; tho' in an *Essay* upon *Impudence*, such Quotations might be *a propos* enough. For certainly never was that Gift more Rhetorically display'd, than in that Harangue; where all the Calumny that a corrupt Heart and a foul Tongue could utter against the best of *Parliaments*, and all the Vain-glorious Things, that a Creature, only Valuable for his Drudgery in the Service of a *Faction*, could say in its own Behalf, are mingled together, in a windy Profusion of Words, void of all Beauties, but *Malice* and *Falshood*. A few *Dependent Electors* are told by their *Landlord*, that *they will be Immortal for Electing him*. Could any thing be more fooliish and absurd? One might imagine, that this *Borough* and *Stockbridge* were resolved, *That Five hundred wise Men should never meet together in Company*. But supposing Mr. *W——'e* had all the Eloquence that he really wants, or his *Party* has occasion for; yet are *Bribery* and *Corruption* therefore no Crimes; or such as did not deserve *Expulsion*? We see here, what a Jest the *Whigs* make of that *Moderation*, which they only talk of, and which only the *Tories* practise: Because the Sentence was so mild, they are apt to believe, that Mr. *W——'e* suffer'd for his *Glib Tongue*, and not for his *Itching Paw*. Just so a *Hero*, who Insults his *Queen*, and Plunders his Country, is supposed to be Disgrac'd for being Victorious, because he undergoes no other Doom, than the gentle Chastisement *of having Leave to go abroad*. I would not be guilty of any extraordinary Improvements of this sort of *Banter*; but certainly it is equivalent to a *general Amnesty*: For there are few Criminals, who have not some good Qualities, Courage, Eloquence, Agility of Body and Fingers, Cunning, Good-nature, Knowledge of the Law, or the like; and whenever they suffer, we are to suppose that they suffer for their Virtues, and not for their Faults; at least there ought to be a *Commutation*: and thus we are to understand a *Whig*, when he *takes his Farewell of Honour and Justice*.

Mr. *Steele* can warp this Hint to his own Advantages: For after Libelling the *Queen* and *Ministry*, he would now make his Country amends by writing against the *Pretender*; by which he only means to lay in Stock for future Clamour; that if he should chance to suffer for the Ill he has done, he may give his Sentence a wrong Turn, and say, as *W——'e* suffered for his *Eloquence*, He suffers for being in the Interest of the *House of Hanover*. As he performs, he may expect Favour: But he must not think, by calling his Judges *Jacobites*, to hinder them from discerning Good from Evil. Our Courts of Justice would have little to do, if every *Culprit* were to be acquitted, who, instead of the *Clergy* or *Statute*, could plead the *Benefit of Playing at Cross-Purposes*.

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